

Opening doors in

Latin America

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America

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Paul Burgess

Opening Doors in Latin America



The Board of Foreign Missions
of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York



A GUATEMALAN INDIAN

The Key to the Guatemalan Situation

If variety is the spice of life, Mission work in the County (Departamento) of Quezaltenango may safely be described as spicy. This county to which we seek to minister, varies in altitude from two hundred to twelve thousand feet above sea level. It includes the tropics with their intense heat and luxuriant growth of precious woods, sugar cane, bananas, etc., extends up into a temperate zone where coffee plantations abound, then comes a cooler zone where there are occasional frosts and where corn is the chief crop, then some high plateaus where only wheat can be successfully cultivated, then again some steep mountain sides covered with pine, while in the very center of the county, visible from nearly all parts of it, towers the mighty volcano, Santa Maria, whose eruption some ten years ago nearly destroyed the town of Quezaltenango.

But if there is variety in the climate and the flora of the county there is even greater variety in those in whom we are more directly interested, i. e., the people. We have here in the county of Quezaltenango a foreign colony of perhaps one thousand, the largest groups being of Germans, Spaniards, and Chinese. Then there are the educated Guatemalans of Spanish descent, more or less pure. They are plantation owners, lawyers, physicians, merchants. Next in order come the hand-workers. For be it known that we have little or no machinery work here. Our shoes and clothes are all made to order. Our fabrics are woven on hand-loom, etc., etc. The people who do this work, the weavers,

dyers, carpenters, shoemakers and hatters along with the small store and saloon-keepers, are Ladinos, that is, of European descent but with a large proportion of Indian blood. But lower still in the social scale comes the Indian himself, who comprises the bulk of the population. He is day laborer, pack animal, domestic servant and what not. In this county he is better off than in some other parts of the republic. He usually owns a small patch of land in the highlands where his wife and family cultivate corn or wheat and keep a few pigs or sheep. But he, poor fellow, finds little time to help them. First he must serve in the army, from three to five years, sometimes being stationed near home, sometimes far away. Home from his service in the army he is soon called out to aid on some public work, building a new railroad line, a bridge or similar improvement, receiving four or five cents a day and boarding himself. A few weeks or months of this and he goes home again. Before long the smooth-tongued "habilitador" of some large coffee or banana plantation appears in his town with money to lend, easy money, and the Indian takes the bait. In a few days it is gone, liquor and a few gaudy trappings have made away with it. Then come the long hard days of payment. The strong arm of the law hands Mr. Indian over to the tender mercies of the plantation owner whose money he has borrowed and he must work off his debt at ten cents a day and board himself. If he wants more money he can get it up to a certain limit, it being to the plantation owner's interest to keep him in debt. The Indian thus becomes a virtual slave, for one plantation owner can sell the debt to another and the Indian must follow his debt. The Indian carries

us all on his back and receives small thanks for his trouble.

And now what of the religious and moral conditions of these varied classes? The foreign colony is here for money. It is business first, last and all the time. Their morals are the bourgeois morals of their class in all the world. They are no better and perhaps no worse than they would be at home. The Germans are nominal Protestants or Jews for the most part, the Spanish, French, Italians, etc., nominal Catholics, Chinese nominal Buddhists, but for all of them business is first and religion second. "Do you think I'm here for my health?" is their common answer to any appeal to public sentiment or religious endeavor.

The educated Guatemalans are for the most part nominal Catholics, but the men are almost entirely estranged from the Church. Spiritualism has a very strong hold among them and seems to be growing in strength rather than waning. Positivism was and still is a force also in this class but it is rather decadent at present. There are many of these educated Guatemalans who are more or less in sympathy with Protestantism, but a fanatical Romanist wife, or the rigid Puritanism of our movement or a certain social repugnance against calling an Indian "brother" have so far kept this class from the fold. Morally this class is what it is everywhere. A certain appearance of respectability is preserved though often it is little more than appearance.

The hand-workers are as a whole of course also nominal Catholics. But if the truth were known, it would be that about all they have to do with the Church is to have their children baptized by it. Marriage is the exception rather than the rule among them, the drink evil is a constant

curse to their lives and poverty keeps them morose and sullen. It is among this class that Protestantism has made the greatest progress. On a typical Wednesday night we may have fifteen men at the service. Three carpenters, two weavers, one saddlemaker, one whip-maker, one macaroni maker, one dyer, one tailor, one clerk, one book-keeper, one butcher, one lawyer and one photographer. Two-thirds of this number have been reclaimed from drink and an impure life by the Gospel and given a new life in their homes and business.

And last and most important what of the Indians? Morally they are better than the Ladinos. As a rule they marry and if they consume great quantities of liquor they at least do not sell it. They are naively religious and so easily made the prey of an unscrupulous priest. Few of the older people can read and the younger generation can do so only falteringly. Although apparently these Indians are the stronghold of Catholicism, they still have their medicine men and their arts of witchcraft in spite of the opposition of the Church. In more ways than one they are in the Old Testament dispensation. They have their altars on the high places where they offer fowls, etc., as sacrifices. Their God is the God of the thunder and the rain, the God of wrath and judgment. Even the Protestant Indian finds the Old Testament more suited to his state of mind than the New.

And now what are the agencies at work in this county for the moral and religious needs of these people? There is of course *The Catholic Church*. But she is playing a losing game. The Government has systematically fought her for many years, taking away some of her most treasured privileges and even infringing on what many would consider her rights. Today

she can have no schools, no catechetical instruction, no Church funerals. Her Churches are in ruins and her clergy diminishing in number. This county has five priests (three of them foreigners) for a population of perhaps two hundred thousand. What strikes me about the Catholic Church here is not so much her corruption as her impotence.

Next in order we might mention *The Spiritualistic Society* which has a center in Quezaltenango. These men have the Bible and some of them appear to be really reconciled with God through Jesus Christ. They hold up the moral life as worthy even though they seem to fail to give a motive power to live that life. In spite of their fantastical claims and their impotence to change men's lives they undoubtedly are better than nothing and help to keep religious questions to the fore.

We should not fail to mention *The Labor Unions* or rather the organizations that very nearly approximate the old Guilds of the middle ages. They have arranged a Sunday School for their members to keep them away from the saloons. Better yet, leavened by their Protestant members, they have been instrumental in closing the cockpits and gambling houses of this city.

Last but not least comes our own *Presbyterian Mission*. So far we have done nothing for the foreign colony but we hope to begin services in English and German before long and a confirmation class for the children. It is our hope that some day we may draw the support of the mission very largely from the foreign Protestants who make their living from the people and so far have given nothing back to them. We have in our Church some five families, of which one of the parents is a German. On August 2 there were present at the

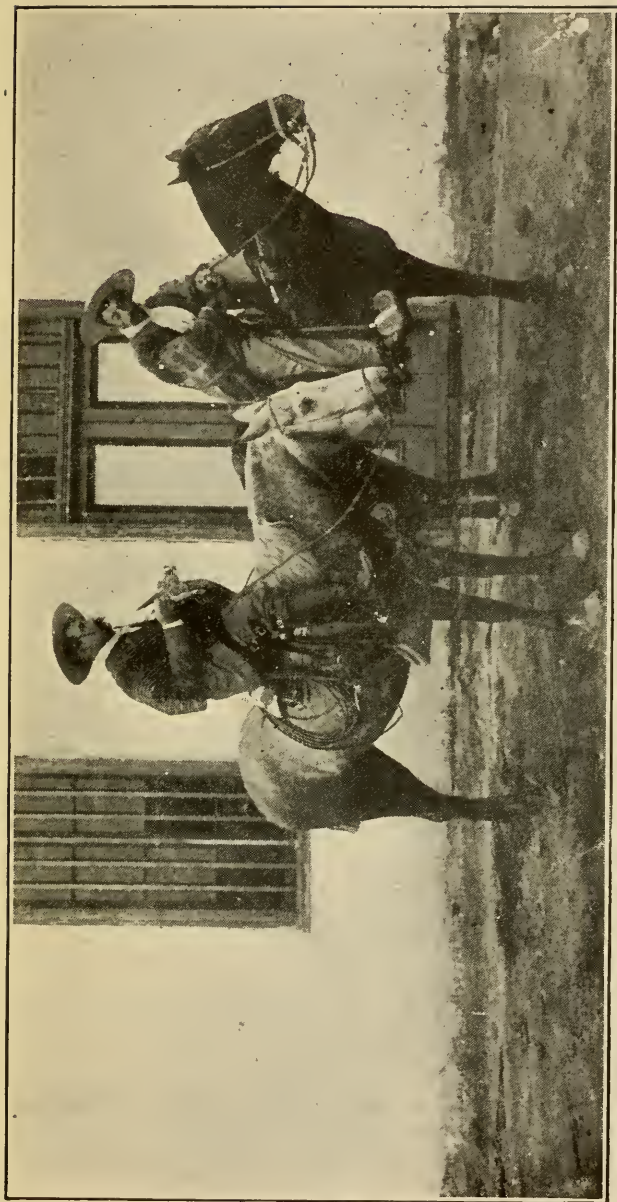
Spanish service citizens of Austria, Germany and France. On August 3rd they were called to the war. Let us hope that a patriotism, however blind, may not make them forget that once they worshiped together as brethren.

Among the educated classes we have done very little. Our native workers have come from the handworkers and have not been able to preach the Gospel to the educated in the language wherein they were born. But one of our elders comes from this class and can probably set off the Gospel against Schopenhauer or Spencer better than the average elder at home. We are not forgetting the "wise" and "mighty" and pray that they too may learn the riches of love in Christ Jesus.

We are at present ministering to ten congregations of ladinos in the county, one here in the capital and nine in smaller towns. In practically every town the work is growing and encouraging.

Nearly every congregation has an Indian or two in it. But we have only one congregation of Indians. This congregation has grown faster and on a surer basis we think than any other. It now numbers nearly a hundred baptized with an equal number interested or on the waiting list. It gives promise of a Christian Guatemala in the future. If the bottom man in society is thoroughly converted the upper classes will not resist long. The Christianity which works from the bottom up will always be healthier than that which works from the top down. *The real key to the Guatemala situation is the Indian* and we rejoice that he is at length turning to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

Paul Burgess.



CHILEAN COUNTRYMEN

“In Peril from the Heathen”

Doña Martina's shrewd old face was all aglow. Was it possible that her people away off on the other side of the mountains were to have the privilege of hearing the Gospel, this wonderful Gospel which had transformed her own life so that she could scarcely recognize herself? Swiftly her mind reverted to the days of her young womanhood when she had been employed to sing and dance and otherwise make merry on one of the great estates, and to the shameful orgies to which these were but an accompaniment, and of which she was the life and center. Her dark face flushed with the remembrance, and the longing of her heart sprang to her lips in the half-audible prayer, "Lord Jesus, help me to take Thy Gospel to my old companions."

And so it came about that we went, four of us, early in April, to the village known as Beautiful Valley, six hours by rail from Valparaiso plus five miles on foot, or, if you are in luck, on horseback. The day was hot and the third-class car packed to suffocation with perspiring humanity of the lowest class, together with fowls of all sorts, bundles, baskets, beer bottles, etc. The air was festive if not perfumed, and everyone in high spirits. Some traveling musicians obligingly began to pick out a *cueca* on their guitars and the women kept time joyfully with hands and feet in the unforgettable rhythm of the native dance. After six hours of this environment, however, it was with a sigh of relief and a deep intake of fresh air that we alighted at the little station where we left the rail-

road. A small boy and a donkey were waiting for us, to act as guide and carrier for the remaining five miles, and the baby organ, my camp bed and a bag of books were soon speedily made fast to the donkey's all-enduring back. The town was soon traversed and we were beyond the lights. Our way lay first obliquely across a dried-up river bed, and I laughed to myself, wishing that my friends could see me, as we stumbled along single file over big stones and through sand ankle deep, trying to keep the donkey's tail in sight, our only hope of not losing the way in the pitchy darkness.

After an hour the wearisome round finally came to an end, and we were most hospitably received at the home of our evangelist, a typical country family of the lower middle class. The house consisted of two rooms, and a corner shop, where you could purchase anything (in limited quantities) from ribbons and buttons to kerosene and beer. When we had finished dinner one of the daughters whispered to me, "Couldn't you play on the little organ?" so with all alacrity it was set up and hymn books produced. For two hours we sang hymns, until I was ready to fall off the chair with weariness. But Chilean hospitality would forbid the suggestion of bed-time before midnight and a cup of strong coffee. In the meantime I had been making silent calculations: The family consisted of father and mother, a grown-up son, four young women and two children, and there was only one room besides the one in which we ate, which also contained two beds, and we were four. Where were we to sleep? The problem was solved, however, for Chilean hospitality has no limits, and my little camp bed was set up in the

corner grocery between the counter and the wall, where I slept as well as in my own cosy room at home.

Little by little we began to hear of the persecutions which this family had already been enduring at the hands of the priests since it had been rumored that the evangelists were coming. Immediately the village priest had called a "mission" of some Redemptionist Fathers. Gathering the entire country-side into the open square in front of the village church (which was not large enough to hold them), the priests compelled the people to kneel, and with lighted candles in their hands, and making the sign of the cross, swear to heaven by the Holy Virgin and all the saints, that they would cross the threshold of no evangelical service, nor admit any heretic into their houses, and that they would, if possible run them out of town with sticks. Having thus guarded their flock from heresy and error, they awaited developments, confident that when we came we should preach to empty benches. Imagine their consternation, therefore, when night after night of our stay our little chapel was packed to overflowing with the very people who made these vows! For three nights we showed views of the life of Christ and preached the simple Gospel, and for three nights the people listened with all their ears and went away saying: "Why, the Gospel is not at all as we have been led to believe—it is beautiful!" The last night, however, there were mutterings of the coming storm. A group gathered outside, incited by the priests, and laid a plot. "Let them come again if they dare," they said; "we shall be ready for them." We afterwards learned that the plan was to attack the chapel, kill the men of our party, and carry off the women.

At the end of a fortnight we went back, this time without the magic lantern, trusting to the power of the spoken Word. The first meeting was well attended but full of disorder. The front seats were filled with people who were interested and wanted to listen, but the back seats and the door were in possession of the enemy, and it was almost impossible for the preacher to make himself heard. Knives and pistols were handled freely, and the evangelist at the door menaced with blows when he tried to preserve a semblance of order. A little window near where I sat at the little organ was broken open over my head, while the young girls were singing a hymn, and we were deluged with dirt and gravel, but it might have been rose leaves for all the attention we paid to it. I was so proud of those girls, who never wavered until the hymn was finished. We carried the service to its conclusion, although at times the preacher could scarcely be heard above the din. Our evangelist counseled us to wait until the crowd had dispersed before leaving the chapel, but the group outside had no intention of dispersing, and so the pastor, who is a stalwart six-footer, taking the bright acetylene lamp in one hand and the baby organ in the other, presented himself at the door. In the bright light, the evil doers scudded to the other side of the narrow street, in a vain attempt to remain incognito, trying to hide their faces by pulled down hats and lifted *ponchos*. With kindness and firmness the pastor addressed them, expressing his surprise at their change of attitude. "We have not come," he said, "to offend anyone, nor to attack his beliefs. We have come to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its purity and simplicity, because there are people here who want to hear it, and who have

invited us. If it does not please you, you are not compelled to listen." While he was yet speaking, they began to stone us, and as we turned to go to the house, a half-square distant, the stones flew thick and fast, and later it seemed as though the roof would fall, as they took vengeance upon it.

The next morning, Sabbath, the men rode to the nearest town to claim police protection, and we were assured that it would be forthcoming for the evening service. At the appointed hour, the prefect himself and another official arrived on their splendid horses, and the service began in perfect quietness. The street was empty, and the night as quiet as a summer's day. We sang and prayed and read the Scriptures with perfect attention, but the sermon was scarcely begun when the sound of receding horses fell upon our ears. The officials, who had promised to remain until the end, had gone! And simultaneously, from the shadows where they had been lurking, sprang forty armed ruffians, and with yells of derision, made for the door as one man. It was impossible to proceed with the service, and under cover of the din we hastily consulted as to what to do. We remembered the plot, and our hearts were anguished for those four pretty girls, the daughters of our hosts. Old Doña Martina had little to fear at their hands, and even the most frenzied mob will think twice before laying hands upon an American, but the girls—how should we protect them? To try to escape by the back door across the fields was madness. There was no one to send with them to the safety of their own house. No! We must remain where we were and try to shut the door, and await help. A swiftly thrown missile aimed at the pastor's head fell in the center

of the room, having missed its mark by hitting one of the beams, and proved to be a tin can filled with unspeakable filth. It turned upside down, however, on their own number! Having retired for a moment to arrange the next number on the program, we managed to shut the door, but it was without latch or bolt. A strong pole was braced against it, and it required six men to hold it steady under the onslaught of our tormentors, who came against it like an avalanche, with stones, bottles, knives and pistols, and it seemed as though it must give way. For nearly an hour we waited and prayed, while the mob raged outside, expecting momentarily to see the low thatch roof blaze over our heads from the cannon firecrackers, or to see the faithful group at the door pierced by the enemy's bullets. And our evangelist, where was he? He had disappeared, and no hand was lifted in our behalf.

In the excitement of the attack, our brave evangelist at the door realized on the instant that the day was lost and that our one hope, under God, lay in overtaking the police. Creeping stealthily away from the door in an opposite direction from that which he planned to take, lest he should be watched, crawling under barbed wire fences, and across dark fields, he finally reached the main road at a point considerably below the chapel, and ran like a hare to a house a mile distant, where he had sympathizers. With failing breath he begged a horse, and waiting for neither saddle nor bridle, threw himself upon it and flew like the wind in the direction the police had taken. But alas! they had already reached the river, and pursuit was useless. Desperately he turned his horse again toward the chapel, his one hope now to find the official whose duty it was to patrol the village, and as he

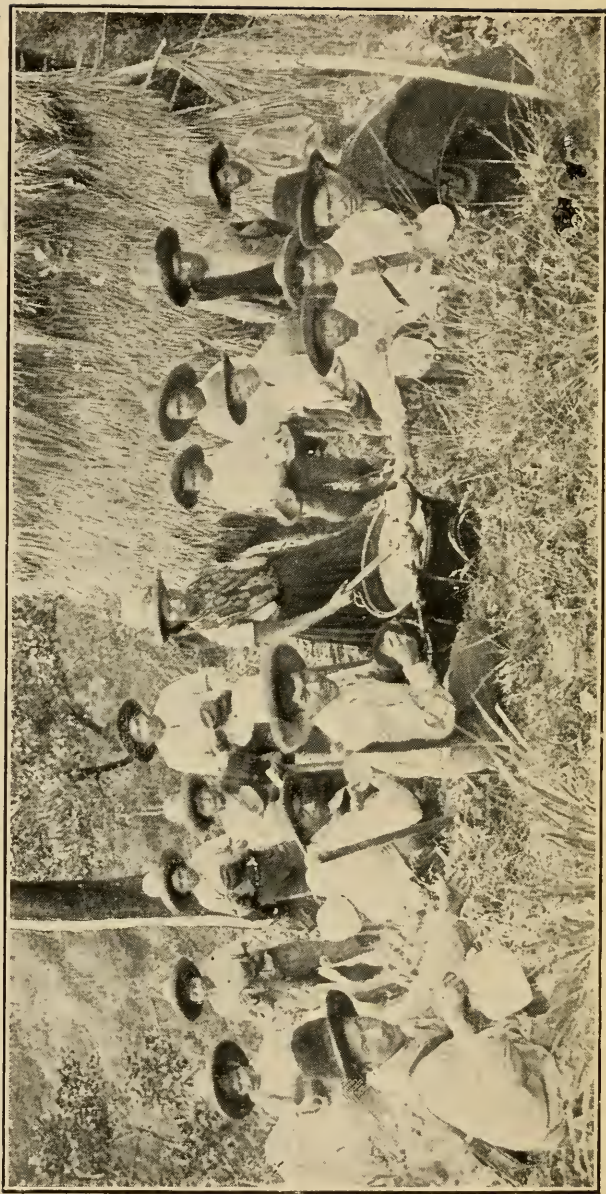
searched up and down through all the lanes and narrow streets, he heard what seemed in the darkness to be rifle shots. "Oh God!" he cried, "I am too late; they will all be dead before I can get help." Urging his jaded beast to its limit he rushed forward and discovered the missing policeman, half drunk, coming leisurely out of a saloon. With difficulty he made him understand the necessity for haste, and at last, after what seemed an eternity to all of us, we heard the welcome sound of galloping hoofs. We were saved! Our tormentors, surprised on the rear, swung sullenly back away from the bright light which again illumined our darkness. It was a dramatic moment. Flinging himself down from his panting horse, our evangelist, who is by nature the gentlest of men, addressed the now cringing mob: "This is the end," he said; "we have borne your taunts, your jeers, your insults, your threats and even your stones, with patience, because we have come here to help you. But it is the end. I know you everyone by name, and tomorrow, even tomorrow, I will denounce you before the Judge of crime." And then the pastor: "It is a disgrace to our country. Not even in Central Africa could such things happen. It makes one ashamed to be a Chilean!"

Summoned before the Judge, they one and all denied roundly any participation whatever in the night's doings, and the Judge, a veritable Pilate, would fain have washed his hands of the matter. Calling Pastor Krauss aside privately, he confessed that in conscience he knew we were in the right, "But man alive," he added, "you don't know these people; they are desperados, and capable of killing you all at a moment's notice." "Even so," was the brave response, "but remember that for everyone of us they

kill, ten will rise up to come in our places to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. And knowing these people as you do, why do you not admonish them? We are not seeking retribution, but only the liberty of worship which the State accords us." Thus pressed, the Judge again summoned the culprits before him and reprimanded them soundly, to their evident dismay, for had not they and the priests arranged everything beforehand in their own way?

Poor people! One cannot find it in his heart to blame them. As they have been taught, so are they. Their hearts are as wax in the hands of their priests, who might have made of the Chileans a model nation, had they educated instead of exploited them, had they taught them the word of God instead of the foolishness and lies which they themselves mock at. *We have continued our visits every fortnight to Beautiful Valley, and although the persecution is still keen, we have had the great joy of seeing whole families turn to the Lord. Our meetings are crowded and the little children sing in the streets, "Wonderful Words of Life."*

Florence E. Smith,
Valparaiso, Chile.



GROUP OF LABORERS AT BREAKFAST ON COFFEE PLANTATION NEAR BUCARAMANGA, COLOMBIA

Pioneers in a Great Land

The missionaries in Brazil have felt that Christian education is the key to the present situation of the work here. We may well say that we have an open door here, not only in the sense that there is practically no religious persecution, but that the people are most anxious to learn the ways and methods of the North Americans because they have seen the efficiency of these in the missionary schools and in the business and technically trained men who have come down here.

The people frankly recognize their backwardness and are ready to make great sacrifices that they and their children may have an education. But best of all, I have heard many expressions of appreciation of the fact that it is most important that the education be moral as well as intellectual. A city official, when it was mentioned in his presence that Castro had been singularly fortunate in getting a regiment stationed here and in having the Instituto Christão, at once replied, "There is no comparison between the two. The regiment brings vice, but the Instituto brings only virtue." He is not a "Crente" but one of our good friends.

We have been shown the greatest kindness and been helped in many ways by the leading business men and officials of the city. We have received offers of land (this before we had bought), money, and free labor. The people have shown a sustained interest in the project from the start. We have many visitors and constant inquiries as to how the work progresses, and when we shall be able to receive pupils. In fact

we anticipate our greatest difficulty to be along this line—how to keep the number down until we shall be able to accommodate somewhere near the number who wish to come. We want most of all to establish a Christian atmosphere that will leave an indelible impress on every student who comes to us. This must grow with the school.

As to our plant and problem, we have 600 acres of good land, 30 head of cattle, 4 horses and a team of mules. We have put up some cheap wooden buildings and are erecting a two-and-one-half-story brick building 40 x 40 feet. There is nowhere near enough money at present available to complete the building, but we can finish some of the rooms roughly so that they can be used and then, as we are able, we will finish the rest. The school is beautifully located on a main traveled road two and one-half miles from town. The climate here is almost ideal.

We have already accepted two young men who did not wish to wait until the opening of the school, and they are to work on the buildings, etc., until we open. There are many others who are simply waiting for us. Ours will be the only school of its kind in this part of the country.

We expect to give a practical training in the common trades, paying especial attention to farming and domestic science. Our aim is to train up efficient Christian workers. Along this line we will give thorough Bible training and teach the theory and practice of modern Pedagogics. From those who come it is hoped that we can choose some who will dedicate themselves to the preaching of the Gospel.

It is a wonderful opportunity that we have, as this country is just in the be-

ginning of its history. It is bound to have a great future. It is already beginning to feel its own possibilities. We are among the pioneers in a great virgin land. The Brazilians modeled their government on ours when they founded "Os Estados Unidos Do Brazil." They are still looking toward us for help and expect great things of us—their attitude is that of a pupil towards his teacher.

Save in the state of São Paulo, for the most part, the educational system in Brazil is very crude. As the interest in education has grown, thousands of dollars have been spent in fine big school buildings, but the great difficulty is to get teachers. I saw one fine big building which had been completed for some time, but had never been used because there was no teacher to be had. In one of the principal cities of the state I have often passed a school house crowded with boys, in front of whom, terrible to contemplate, sat a ferocious looking man with a long stick which from time to time he brought down on the desk with a tremendous thwack to recall the wandering eyes and arms that had such a tendency to stray out of the windows. The buzz of their many voices would instinctively rise with the fall of the rod and a new impetus was thus given to learning. Amusing, but tragic.

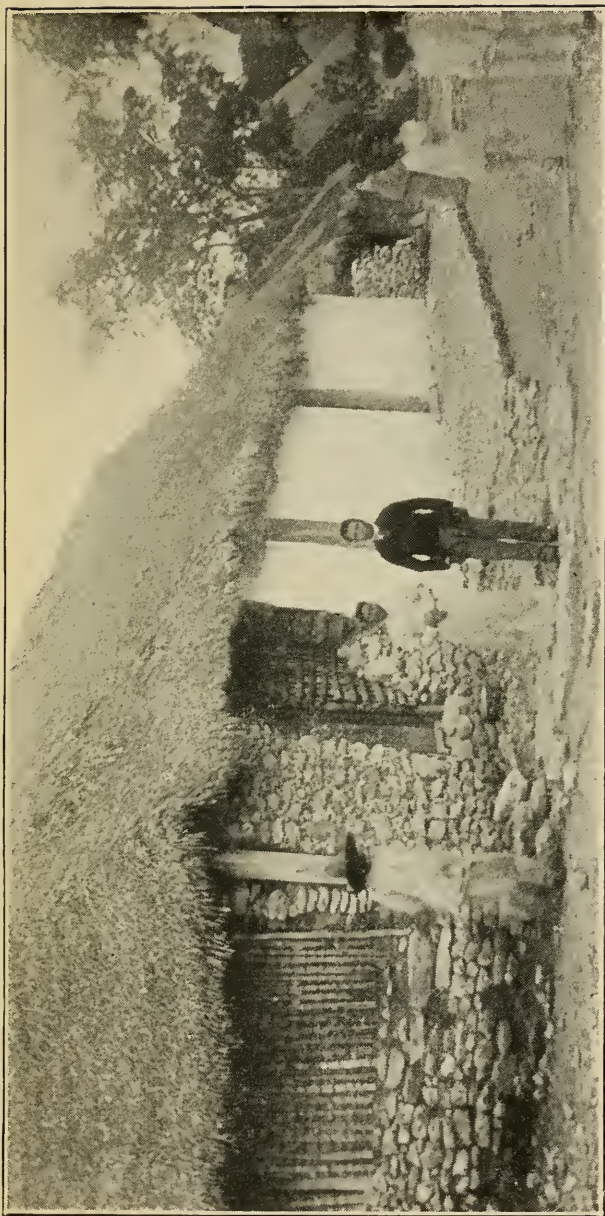
For the most part, agriculture is but little in advance of the methods of the North American Indian in his primitive state. Every four or five years the timber land is cut, burned off and, with an iron pointed stick, the corn and beans are planted. Native artisans are very few and most of them are quite inferior. It is readily seen that we can do a great service for this people and win a lasting place in their lives. The practical training that we

hope to give will be a long step toward a self-supporting native church. It will increase many fold the earning power of our members. We hope to be able to hold a two weeks' conference each year for lay workers. These usually have had few educational advantages and their work of caring for the congregations during the long absences of the Pastor is most important.

Our greatest need is the prayers of our fellow workers in the home land and that they do all in their power to make it possible for the Lord of the Harvest to answer their prayers.

H. P. Midkiff.

MEXICAN NATIVE PASTOR AND WIFE



The Mexican Minister and the Protestant Opportunity

The landing of the American troops in Vera Cruz put the American and the American missionary in Mexico in a serious situation. The Mexican minister, however, has been in a serious situation since the army revolt under Felix Diaz and the coming of Huerta into power in February of 1913. He is naturally liberal in politics and his sympathy is with the Madero movement for a larger place for the common people. So he was naturally looked upon with distrust in all places held by the Federal army. The utmost caution and non-participation in a public way saved a large number from molestation by the Federal forces. There were others, however, who were such pronounced liberals and partisans of the Madero movement that there was a grave question as to their personal safety.

Some four men in Northern Mexico, feeling themselves to be in danger, left their pastoral charges and joined the revolutionary cause in clerical or active military operations in the field. The varying fortunes of the revolution would sometimes bring one to his home and work, but it has resulted so far in the loss of four men from our work. Two other men have taken government positions. New elements are in control and they are dependent on getting new men of intelligence and ability to carry on the new government. Just how long these men will be lost to the work is not possible to say at present. In their new positions, however, they will be able to use governmental influence in favor of Protestantism.

During the permanence of the Huerta

government, some of the ministers had to endure extra pressure from the Catholic clergy. This was especially so in the southern states. In some places there was the preaching of a holy war because of the American landing in Vera Cruz. The evangelical ministers, being connected with American missions, were talked of as traitors. Our minister in Campeche got up an elaborate patriotic program on the anniversary of the death of Juarez to prove the contrary. One worker in a small town in Yucatan was set upon as "ayancado" (one taken up with the Yankees), and was compelled to leave his home for two months. The village priest was the leader in the movement. During his absence one of his two small boys died.

The pastor at Merida writes, speaking of his district: "The work is being maintained but does not advance. The Catholic clergy here are 'de vara alta' (have the rod lifted up). They are molesting the evangelicals as much as they can. The other day they slapped and struck an evangelical in the town of Cacalchen because he did not want to kiss the keys of St. Peter. He went to make complaint to the chief authorities, but was told that it was a Catholic town and that he (the evangelical) could go with his Protestantism to some other place."

An effort was made to exclude all the Protestant teachers from the schools in Coahuila, but since the revolution has triumphed, the schools are open and the Protestant element has been given the preference. All the Protestant teachers have work.

A Catholic country with many of its Catholic churches closed, numbers of its priests expelled, and others in seclusion through fear is a novel situation. This is

the present situation in Mexico. In one state capital, a Catholic church has been taken over for a Masonic Temple and another, a new edifice, has been converted into a hall for the meetings of the state congress. The keys of other churches are in the hands of governmental authorities and at this writing have not been turned over to the clergy.

The outstanding fact that accounts for all this is that the Catholic church had aligned itself with the Huerta government and had given millions of its treasure towards its success. The new elements in control look upon the Catholic church therefore in the same light as the Huerta government is looked upon. A traitorous aggregation seeking to seize the reins of government through force and assassination.

The masses of the people are in sympathy with the revolutionary efforts of Madero and Carranza, and therefore it seems that it may be a long time before the Catholic church comes into favor. In fact there seems to be no way for it to come into the public favor that it has long been losing, except it apply itself, as it has not in the past, to religious and social betterment of the conditions of the people.

The situation gives the evangelical churches working in Mexico a more untrammelled opportunity than ever before. There is a public awakening caused by the war that will no doubt make people more receptive to evangelical teachings. A minister, commenting on the fact that the missionaries would return just as soon as the political situation was cleared up, writes: "I am very glad to get this word, as there is a certain awakening in religious matters, which we must take advantage of for the sacred cause of our Lord Jesus, especially

if the union of the churches is to be a fact."

The pastor of the Presbyterian church in Monterey, writes: "The Lord is opening wide the gate for Christianity in Mexico. Let us make use of our opportunities."

The pastor of our church in San Juan Bautista, realizing the great needs of his country, as revealed by the civil strife, writes: "The only thing that can bring prosperity to our country is the Gospel of Christ; learned and put in practice."

Another pastor writes: "I trust in the Lord that there will be a great change in public affairs and that we will be able to dedicate ourselves with more tranquillity to the holy work that is in our hands. Would you help us? Come with enthusiasm."

Nov. 1914

Charles Petran.

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